

CRApWL..WIRED^H

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**LIAM KENNY IS
OPPRESSOR?**

FIND OUT HOW

**TOO FAR: Sad Reject Store dinosaur loses
prime cover spot to what?! Tell us and WIN**



**Clean up the streets with All The WEATHERS &
The ABCs of Civilised Behavior**

**FRITZENHAMBURGLAR WANTS YOUR
BURGERS AND YOUR STOMPING GROUND
TOO, AND HIS MASK IS A MOUSTACHE**

**Deliberated with much care
and attention**

FUCK THE ABC SAY ALL THE WEATHERS

Hobart band All The Weathers say FUCK THE ABC and that's the main thing, and they seem of a high calibre of personal decency. The default recourse of earnest people looking for a public, rigorously critical media institution is more than a little shaky. All The Weathers say, "I wanna hear about this important thing, not that other thing, and not from weaselly slimeballs.", & perhaps well-intentioned but very vague and altogether just keeping up an appearance of expert in coffee-and-adrenalin-fueled pressured robot speech. Fuck everything else too but anyhow, A LEFTY HAS SAID IT. THAT IS A WIN. Some Tasmanian legends said it better than anyone, you upper-class-pandering pseudo-objective bluffers.

All The Weathers: something to think about.

FUCK FRITZENBURGER TOO

BORING. Casablanças was actually more of that urban rejuvenation thing you were going for but in the best possible sense of the term and you tore it up and put fake steely grey factory interior and fucking moustaches everywhere. The Caxton Street Development Association had something to do with it, entitled shits. This has to be the most drab, 1940s wartime austerity building bereft of anything cool like resource-efficiency and camaraderie. If I had the gall to heckle its patrons, lost patrons, surely none who danced, did karaoke, mingled with minority ethnicities to happy music, I would. It'd come about meekly though, because I know badly what it's like to be boring and maybe their friends or colleagues prodded them along and they drink and shut up and have an OK time being really fucking boring, safe from everything colourful that requires just a bit of effort and loosening up on your part. I see you, drinking from your uniform moustache-printed-mugs, arse firmly planted on uniform wooden chairs trying to hide behind that metal cage exterior. Boring! It isn't *time* to settle down. The city isn't finished. A bunch of people just got kicked out of their third place. Suburban pubs are better. Those are for the people who have given it up for mediocrity. They are ugly, generic canvasses for everybody like Hungry Jacks in the city, but not Fritzenburger and ilk like some

artificial fake-individualistic signature tags one hundred times more ugly and threatening as regular tags because authority is on their side and they deployed a bunch of manufacturers and probably Dad's capital investment to plant their uninspired, twee cultural appropriation all over somewhere that was nice. You'd have to 'network' in nice clothes and business tones to put your mark on there. I'm waiting for someone to graffiti the moustache logo into a Hitler moustache but I reckon they won't because the owners and patrons would just snicker and recycle some token anti-racist piety at best. Like it's insensitive to Germans, wasn't the war a long time ago? How good is that film, though, Schindler's List. Want another beer? Yeah, \$20. Have you tried the impala-cheese-injected besan wafflelette with hand churned coconut butter? I heard it comes from a social enterprise in Logan that gives Sudanese refugees work experience. Yeah, it's like a TAFE course, just the basics but a lot of them need that to overcome discrimination. Yeahhh.. Hey how's your internship going? Oh I did human resources. HR and marketing. Ever since we did the wedding photos in 2009 with the little moustache party favours, yeah we still love them! Want me to take a photo of you with

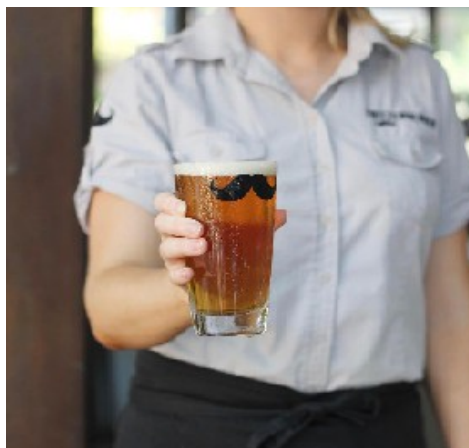


Illustration 1: Not a cop, a Fritzenburger

Ah, I hope I don't get sued for using photos. Doesn't seem Australians have gotten as litigious and petty as some cautionary, extreme tales I've heard. Oh well, probs free advertising for them or at least the surrounding establishments if you're inclined to snub only the most yuppie or middle-class-macho venue in the gentrified, vastly

monocultural streetscape. How about Lefties, the socialist meeting hall turned ode to American cultural imperialism and stuffed animal trophies? Similarly faux-individualistic, imported faux-vintage. Kind of like Uncle Moe's Family Feedbag but possibly even enthusiastically wallpapered by people who *believe* in cold business and their own personal business-minded-curation so much that systemically importing décor counts as personality. It's not a real space, it's your little stage to play with and surprise the adoring crowds. Or just get an, "ah ok, this fits my budget and general comfort level, let's buy something." (edit: or "this sucks, please anaesthetise me, I wish I was in Melbourne or somewhere authentic, oh well, at least it's clean here and the chips are OK")

Yeah, Casablanças could be pretty gross, I hear, I only tagged along in there as some gormless cultural tourist. After the Beetle Bar open mic comedy kind of thing where a guy called Ant bought us beers and hardcore hpster-y kids danced to Death Grips. Maybe not that impressive but people were doing shit other than commercially pre-meditated moustache photos. Beetle Bar closed down really soon after because some dodgy sounding liquor licensing shit. Really unexpectedly, as a show I could've been at got cancelled that afternoon. So I dunno, guess we can dance and make people laugh and do karaoke in our own homes while the comfortably housed, culturally suburban people sit on their tepid arses on glorified-Ikea chairs in business casual, in prime retail position till our parties get shut down or no-one goes.



CLEAN UP THE STREETS

In the interests of protecting the image of the Empire Hotel on Brunswick Street and Fortitude Valley, more broadly, chaplains and general management coerced girl who expressedly wished to pass out in her own vomit into a taxi against her will. When did we lose the freedom to occupy public spaces for purposes of rest and recovery from sickness? At least five males surrounded the girl, who had vomited due to decreased alcohol tolerance and her grobby boyfriend's shoes, which had not dried since he gallavanted around in stormwaters yesterday. The girl made it to her own stairwell, costing her boyfriend \$10 in taxi fees. She did not have time to read the instructions for the complimentary VOMIT BAG.



Illustration 2: VOMIT BAG

IT HAPPENED TO A FRIEND OF A FRIEND OF A FRIEND OF A FRIEND OF MINE

This friend, some punk **arsehole** with green or pink hair, was speeding and drunk on a bus and realised he had to **vomit** when it was coming to a stop. He noticed that the only other passengers, a couple, started having **sex**. So he turned back and vomited on them and ran off laughing and the bus driver threw everyone off. This was on an Ipswich line, I think. (edit: YOU GUISE SEEN TRAIN SPOTTERS I WATCHED IT WHEN I WOZ 12)

OK, so the other night this person threw up in the street heaps but how about that. Sorry, chaplains and bouncers. Also, I apparently write like an old

fashioned newspaper column while drunk.

This behavior was an affront to public decency, nothing short of plain gross but in the person's defence, all they saw was people trying to move me when they were suddenly very ill and then said to call chaplains – *chaplains? Preachers?* Now is a good time when this dirty little sinner is all shamefully curled up on th footpath, to tell her about Jesus, dude who turned water into wine and supported widows and the poor and they wanna kick you off the footpath reminiscent of the homeless purge in Melbourne CBD. Can't afford a house and they wanna get me off the street and out of sight in Jesus' name, counsel this poor wench and mop up the vomit so revelers can drunkenly empty their bank accounts and souls in commercial vacuity and peace? And then say the police are going to come?

Alright, alright, they didn't proselytise. They gave her a vomit bag and it was the bouncer who moved her off her seat where she was resting her head on the table. All just doing their job, yeah. Doing their job so gross people like us can drink and keep drinking in public without public outorao?

The epiphany: I was offended by us? If they are defending Fortitude Valley and the right to drink therein, without more hardline anti-nightlife methods of getting drunkards off the street (which the colonial fascist police state whatever would do), they are defending disorderly behavior with the pretext of punishing it.

(ramble, ramble) This is what is counter-productive.. Them defending (implicitly) all the authorities that permit this within limits that demonise the merely disorderly and not all the more sinister things. Now, I'm all for public services, indiscriminate, because no lone drunk will otherwise have someone staying with them in case they choke on their own vomit or feel plain lonely. Aw yeah and date rape, theft etc. is a consideration. But if you want to protect her from bad guys, why not handle the bad guys instead? Not the victims. She may be a massive toddler, but you know, in an ideal situation it would be safe for everybody to waddle around and nap wherever they want. In a densely populated area this should be achievable,

especially with decent volunteers. No-ones gonna pick me up, drag me squirming away cause no-one would have a good reason to do that to anybody.

Sorry, chaplains. I held you to a higher standard than the others because religion.

Seems honest, lying on the ground. Groosssss. Drinking is gross. Better pass out than go home with someone and panic later cause you spent \$40 in pizza and uber fares. Groosssss, tragic. Really. Drinking culture is a scourge. And I drink. We all drink. But it isn't drink. Not that sterile-but-filthy-smelling liquid. Ah, I feel strange writing about this.

LIAM KENNY TAPE

Some riff from this tape's running through my head as well as his Kanye West tshirt. Also Lady Gaga's album cover with that pink cowboy hat looking to the side like she's a straight-forward country girl but can't quite outgrow her post-modern posturing. All this smart pop that I guess everybody listens to that's always about race or gender or individuality. Then Mark Latham and his call for 'white, straight' people.

Liam Kenny's pleasurable sickly earworm bedroom riff and showing off political philosophy type books through that Mac webcam



technicolour effect everyone in film class in wealthy school took selfies behind. Kanye

West, every middle class intelligent kid with kind of mean upbringings seem to love. Tape cover blatant Kanye tribute.

Is his video like a distillation of the uni educated, middle class, I-guess-left? Over-intellectual, stuck in the social medias with stuff to say and no clear application or real-life realm to belong in cause your parents, your industry, your culture, your equally clueless consumer-paradigm-educated friends are too different to understand and do something and too much like you in their

self-loathing frivolity. *The Problem Is My Mind. White Man Is Oppressor.*

Teenage 00's webcam dances, default fonts with default text left in, easy video effects. The sweeping title statement. "*It aint nothin' bout my body, that make me wish that I could die. Uh!*

It's my mind, and my soul."

Weird times. Good dancing though. Need more dancing in videos. I thought about it myself. Liam got up and did it, though. All alone.

(y)

There's conviction there. More truth than most stuff coming out. Effort in the right places. The places right for getting my attention, anyhow, like earworm riffs and authoritative-sounding vocals.

It's the real amateurishness of this very un-rock-and-roll rich art school bedroom genius aesthetics makes it not so offensive to the 60s garage energy it puts off. There's an honesty, because what else can you expect some Sydney white boy son-of-a-conservative-pundit to be? He takes it, he squeezes it, shakes it till any freedom and creativity this demographic's got hidden oozes on our stale minds.



THE CIVILISED ANARCHIST

The civilised anarchist acts with respect to the violators of his principles in the same manner as a police officer or a bureaucrat. She or he explains their intentions as explicitly and impartially as possible. She or he may wear

whatever is deemed appropriate, provided that it is flattering, dignified as circumstances allow, and clear and authoritative insignia is displayed.

Property may be seized for explicit and convincing purposes justifiable under common principles that have been articulated by every major religion, political philosophy and moralistic children's cartoon. The purposes must be demonstrable to the possessors or patrons of the property or area to be re-appropriated; they cannot rest on expert authority or questionable hearsay. The purposes must also not be better achieved by means that require much less sacrifice for the possessors or patrons of the object sought, unless the lack of acquisition of the specific object in that time frame causes an equal or greater sacrifice on the part of the re-possessors. For example, you don't steal somebody's food they just cooked when there's food you could go get yourself.

What could you do with reasonable authority?

"I am required to seize the contents of your dumpster as a matter of conscience relating to the persistent hunger of those without the means and aptitude to acquire food in the area which your store is situated." If no: "We currently do not have the allocable resources to forcibly seize the product, so we must implore you to respect the principles of decency which you are in violation of." If yes, "Cheers."

Conversely, "There's food outside, can we have it? Why not? There's people who need it..."

By no means am I saying that acquiring food waste is revolutionary. Or civilised.

It's not some frugal desperation or eco-statement that makes raggedy anarchists dumpster dive, it's plain old politeness, I reckon. It would be the least anarchist thing to not only act like the best idle rich riches are less deserved, but the moderately fine, and the lowest basic commercial sustenance. You, single able-bodied people, hunting around for table scraps. Pure low status. Thank you m'lord, it's much an honour, I wouldn't bother you for so much as a basic civilised living.

Ah who cares, I don't even know any of these people and it all seems very last decade and foreign anyhow. A true Civilised Anarchist, however, I don't even know *of*. Maybe someone like Tolstoy or some other literary history spells it out but I don't know.

Gonna twiddle my little fingers trying to remember the Occupy democratic hand signals. Bit of a giggle. Ooh make up your own hand movements. It'll confuse people like some kind of witchcraft. Uncivilised anarchist. Prance around laughing. Not gonna scare or impress anyone, though.



Thanks

